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Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad Co.

The Chicago
and FLORIDA
Limited Trains.

C. H. B.

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By CHARLES L. STONE, GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT,
CHICAGO & EASTERN ILLINOIS RAILROAD,
CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE severity of winter's blasts, with its attendant unpleasantness of almost forced indoor life, induces, periodically, thousands of pilgrims from the North and Northwest to seek the more genial climes of the Sunny South.

But while the word "South" serves to indicate all the large territory of which Mason and Dixon's line is the northern boundary, it must be conceded that Florida and Southern Georgia are the Meccas toward which those who wish to escape the rigors of the northern hibernal season turn their eyes.

As a rule, winter tourists always avoid having to linger en route.

Having made up their minds as to their objective point, they desire to reach destination by the shortest, quickest and most convenient route.

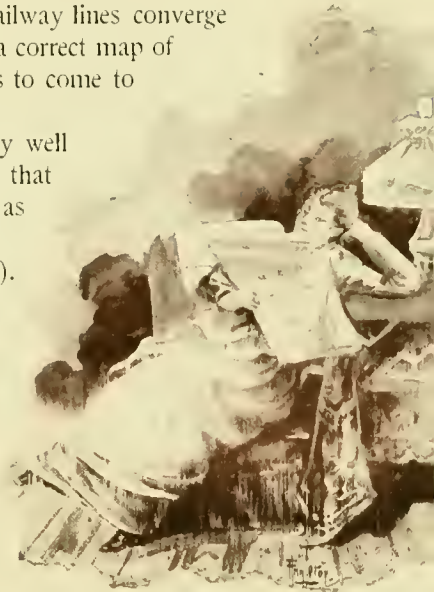
And here, often, arises a reasonable doubt: "Which is the shortest, quickest and most convenient route to Florida?"

Taking Chicago as the great rallying center to which all northwestern railway lines converge and from which all lines to the South diverge, it is only necessary to study a correct map of the country and then compare the divers time schedules of south-bound routes to come to a conclusion.

"All roads lead to Rome," used to be an axiom in times historic; we may well say now: "all routes lead to Florida," though there is but one from Chicago that reaches it in an almost direct course, with an economy of over six hours' time as compared to the schedules of all its competitors.

As the reader has already guessed, we mean the "Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad" (Evansville Route). Its "Florida Special" train leaves Dearborn Station, Chicago, at four o'clock p. m., every day in the year, thus affording sure connections to trains of all lines from the North and Northwest.

This train, popularly known as the "Chicago and Nashville Limited," derives its name from the two cities between which it runs without change. It is an excellent model of the best Pullman-built equipment, from baggage to dining-car, entirely vestibuled and provided with anti-telescoping attachment. The smoking and ladies' coaches were constructed according to the most improved devices known to the car-builders' art; the palace sleepers are of the latest pattern and such as the great Pullman car works only can turn out. The dining-car is simply a marvel of ingenuity and comfort.



For five miles out of Chicago the line passes through a populous manufacturing district, interspersed by a perfect maze of railroad tracks lining the earth in every direction. Then follow some of the prettiest suburbs of Chicago: Englewood, Normal Park, Auburn Park, Roseland, from which latter place an excellent view of the World's Fair buildings is obtained.

Forty miles of rolling prairie under high cultivation and dotted with picturesque villages and we cross the Kankakee river. Here, on a strip of land surrounded by that limpid stream, we pass "Island Park," an outing resort operated by the railroad company and which, for natural beauty enhanced by artistic improvements, has no superior in the western country.

The Kankakee river is remarkable, not only for the scenic attractions of its shores, but also on account of the numerous French-Canadian settlements in its vicinity. These villages are models of thrift and neatness, and remind one of a new Icaria. St. Anne, where we arrive in a few minutes, is the principal town in this section; it has a very holy Roman Catholic church, possessing a shrine to its patroness. "St. Anne," after whom the town is named and to whom many miraculous deeds are ascribed. At stated periods of the year, large pilgrimages are made to this shrine, in which nearly all the French-Canadian population of three States take part.

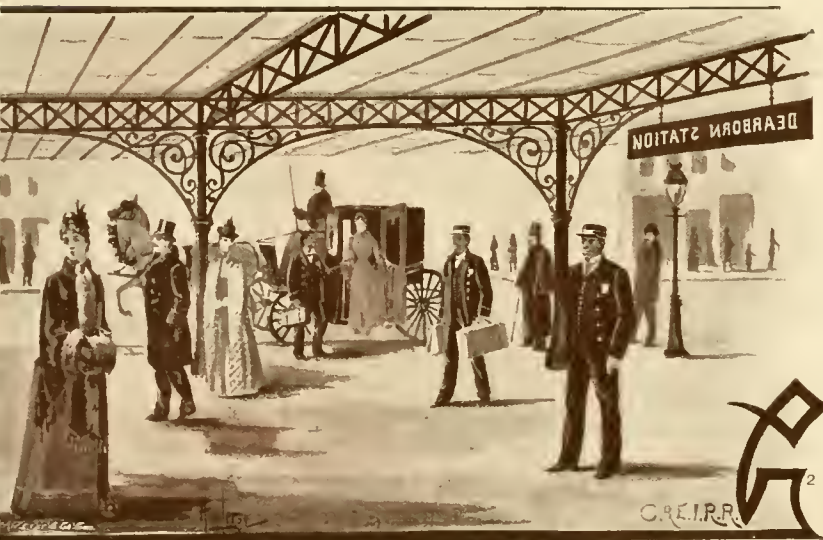
But—"Dinner is now ready in the dining car," calls the voice of the steward.

To a person afflicted with a hungry stomach, even the garden of the Hesperides would seem devoid of charms, less yet the undulating fields of Eastern Illinois.

Let us then take a seat in the gastronomic section of the "Chicago and Nashville Limited." Is it necessary to state in detail how one fares in this dining car? Hardly, for it is vulgar to expatiate one's self about eating, though eating is one of the necessary and most pleasurable functions of life.

True, eating, like love, is an endless theme, very old and ever new; unlike love, however, it must not be exercised by impulse. To eat well is a science, an art, which few possess, but the mysteries of which can be imparted to the uninitiated by a skillful cook and a tactful steward.

Some people eat to live, following a very primitive instinct unworthy of every law of taste; others live to eat, victims, as they are, of an aberration of their stomach. Between the two extremes, there is a "juste milieu," to which, of course, you and I belong.



Entrance to Dearborn Station, Chicago.

And it must be said that the cuisine on this dining-car is well calculated to satisfy the three classes. Substantials and delicacies, solids and liquids, from soup to nuts, everything is perfect. Immaculate linen, shining silver, spotless china, polite and attentive service, are additional incentives to the menu and a healthy appetite.

Dinner is over, the gas is lighted, throwing incandescent brilliancy from beginning to end of the train, which, glow-worm-like, speeds through the silent darkness. The suffused warmth of steam, by which means the train is heated, adds greatly to one's comfort. Under the bright illumination of Pintsch gas, the luxurious upholstery appears at its best and seems like a dream of the Trianon.

We arrive at Danville, a thriving city of Illinois, enter the State of Indiana a few miles further, cross the famous Wabash river at Clinton, and are ready to retire to our berths as we reach Terre Haute.

So far, the journey took us over one of the smoothest double-tracked road-beds in America, and the only one from Chicago to the South, via the "Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad," of which Terre Haute is the southern terminus.

From here, the train proceeds on its south-bound course over the "Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad," the central link of the great "Evansville Route." We pass many points of interest along the line, stop a few seconds at Vincennes, the oldest town in Indiana, and reach Evansville, the second city of this State, shortly after midnight. But the "Chicago & Nashville Limited" is not a laggard and speeds on from Evansville via the "Louisville & Nashville Railroad," crossing the Ohio river over the magnificent Henderson bridge.

Not a single jar, however, disturbs our sleep and it is broad daylight when we open our eyes, about fifty miles north of Nashville. It is a real treat to look at the varying panorama unfurled now before our eyes.

Immense plantations, vast fields and expansive orchards, nicely grouped villages and lone farm-houses, deep ravines and high ridges, sloping plateaus and abrupt cliffs, winding streams through wooded lands, well-kept pikes and tortuous paths, all this dropped here and there in the midst of blue-grass meadows rivalizing with those of Kentucky: such is the endless kaleidoscope which greets a matinal contemplation on the "Chicago & Nashville Limited."

Thus we reach Ridgetop, nineteen miles from Nashville, where our train descends headlong for two miles on a grade of 431 feet.

On the right, in a very pretty location, we see the famous "National Cemetery," where thousands of heroes of the North and the South rest in eternal



slumber. Prominent among its many monuments stands the one erected to the memory of Confederate soldiers. Its bold but severe outlines greet the eye from a long distance.

A few minutes more, after crossing the historic Cumberland river, we arrive at Nashville on scheduled time, 7.10 a. m.

NASHVILLE.

AN air line projected from Chicago to Nashville would be a little over 400 miles in length; the route of the "Chicago and Nashville Limited" measures 444 miles. It is so near to the true air line that further comment is unnecessary.

The city is built on both sides of the Cumberland river, principally, however, on the limestone bluffs bounding that stream on its southern bank.

From its solid substructure, and perhaps also from the substantial character of its business world, Nashville has derived its figurative name of "The Rock City of the South." Besides being the capital of the State of Tennessee, it is a city of deep learning and large commercial interests. Its two universities, "Vanderbilt" and "Fisk," rank among the first in the South. It is one of the leading markets in the country for cotton and tobacco. Its hotel accommodations are of a high order. Its several attractions for visitors are the Capitol, in front of which rises General Jackson's famous equestrian statue; the Hermitage, on the Lebanon pike, "Old Hickory's" residence; the late President Polk's homestead, a good type of an ante-bellum southern mansion; the buildings of the two universities; the "Belle Meade" and "Hermitage" farms, both at a short distance from the city, where some of the finest running and trotting horses in America are bred; and many other landmarks of national and historical interest.

From the top of Capitol Hill or any of the conical buttes back of the city, an interesting panorama is unfolded, through which the snake-like bends of the Cumberland river cast a silver sheen.



But volumes would be necessary to describe all that can be seen in the South, and as these lines are measured, our friends must be content with but a glimpse of the principal points of interest, something to satisfy their natural curiosity about a land they expect, perhaps, to visit.

THOMASVILLE, GA.

THOMASVILLE is located on a high ridge in the heart of the pine forests of Georgia, and has achieved quite a reputation as a winter resort. The city is nicely grouped and prettily built, offering several attractive features to tourists, such as excellent drives through the pines, hunting and all kinds of fresh air sports. A boulevard with a very good driveway makes a complete circuit of the town and is intersected by fair roads in every direction, which afford splendid excursions in the woods. "Glen Arven" park, about two miles from the town, is quite a favorite outing spot.

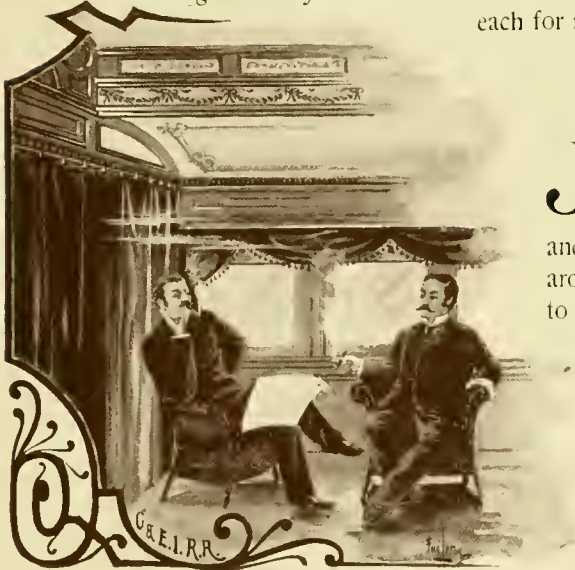
It is probably owing to its wealth of beautiful flowers that Thomasville is sometimes called the "Garden City."

It has a good livery service and its hotel accommodations are first-class. The "Piney Woods Hotel" and the "Mitchell House" provide each for about 300 guests and are equipped with all the modern conveniences.

JACKSONVILLE.

JACKSONVILLE, the metropolis of Florida, lies picturesquely in an elbow of the St. John's river, about twenty miles from its mouth and at the end of a large tract of rolling pine land. Its streets and public squares are well shaded by native trees, principally live oak and wild bitter orange. Pretty residences are strewn all over the city, the private grounds around many of which, planted as they are with semi-tropical vegetation, prove quite a novelty to northern eyes.

The climate, here, is tempered by the ocean breezes, which have only sixteen miles to travel to reach the city. Bay street is the principal business thoroughfare of Jacksonville, and for about a mile is lined on both sides with all kinds of pretty stores, the activity of which never ceases till late at night. One of the city's leading features is the "Sub-tropical Exposition," which keeps open doors from January until April, and is a favorite meeting place, especially during gala nights, when concerts and other entertainments are given.



There are several good drives, especially the shell road; the livery accommodations are ample and fairly good.

Burnside Beach and Pablo Beach are situated about twenty miles east of the town; the ride to the seashore is through an almost uninterrupted stretch of pine land, ending abruptly with a hammock and interspersed with clumps of dark cedar, covering the site of shell mounds, the work of prehistoric Indian tribes.

The beaches are vast and very fine; good bathing is to be had, especially at Pablo, where platforms are erected almost to the water's edge.

Visitors are well provided for in this city, three first-class hotels, the "St. James," the "Windsor" and the "Everett," being kept open during the winter season, and many other minor houses catering also to the traveling public.

As a center from which excursions can be made, Jacksonville occupies a pre-eminent position in Florida, as all the principal railroad and steamboat lines in the state center here.

GREEN COVE SPRINGS.

MAGNOLIA.

IT has become an old story to hear the praises of Florida climate, landscapes and river scenery, but there is, perhaps, not another spot in the whole State which, at first sight, will make a better impression on the casual visitor than Green Cove Springs.

Vivid, indeed, must be the imagination of the person who can picture him—or herself—more beautiful surroundings than are to be found in this delightful little town.

Located on the west bank of the St. John's river, about thirty miles from Jacksonville, and half way between the Floridian metropolis and Palatka, it is easily reached either via the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railroad or by the boats.

The railway station is at one corner of a pretty garden, in the laying-out of which considerable ingenuity has been brought. From this station one approaches the town through a charming walk winding through woods of live oak.

The live oak, of all trees, is worthy of admiration; its knotty and gnarled branches, overhung with lace-like moss, reach out in extreme beauty and grandeur.

On the river side lies a pretty park—private property—at the gates of which quaint inscriptions welcome the visitor. Many fine residences, surrounded by beautiful gardens, gratify the eyesight. A wonderfully clear sulphur spring, discharging every minute about 3000 gallons of water, occupies the center of the town. Excellent bathing accommodations have been provided at these springs.

Several good hotels are open during the winter season, the principal of which, the Clarendon, has rooms for about 200 guests.

An excellent drive and a fascinating foot-path along the St. John's brings one across Governor's Creek, on the road to Magnolia Springs, a short distance north.

Magnolia partakes of the general attractions of Green Cove Springs, of which it may be called a suburb. It has a first-class hotel, the "Magnolia Springs," which, during the season, takes care of about 350 guests.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

LEAVING Jacksonville for St. Augustine, via the Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Indian River Railway, the train wends its course over a fine draw-bridge across the St. John's river, built of steel, 1320 feet long, and with a draw of 320 feet.

The line passes through a scattered growth of oaks, magnolias and other hardwoods, dotted here and there with occasional orange groves, and after a few miles enters the pines, falling gradually into the belt of hammocks bordering the seacoast. A one-hour's ride lands a person in St. Augustine, the oldest city in America and one of the prettiest in Florida.

Everything in St. Augustine has an air of absolute tidiness and refinement that wins the heart at first glance.

The city stands near the southern end of a peninsula formed by the Matanzas and San Sebastian rivers, and spreads around a kind of focus called "the Plaza de la Constitucion." The dimensions of this public square are diminutive, it having been established when the town was originally planned. On the east side is the "Old Slave Market," which to-day serves merely as a lounging place on the pretty Plaza, the center of which is occupied by a white coquina monument surmounted by a cannon ball. It is this monument, erected to commemorate the adoption of a new constitution by the Spanish Cortes, which gives the Plaza its official name. The other monument on the right is one raised in 1872 by the "Ladies' Memorial Association" of St. Augustine to the Confederate dead. On the north side of the Plaza is St. Joseph's Cathedral, built under Spanish rule and finished in 1701.

To the north and south stretches the "sea wall," originally erected to resist the inroads of storms from Neptune's Kingdom. Any of the streets running north parallel to the sea wall lead to "Fort Marion," the most important of the Spanish relics. It is a striking experience to be taken around by the sergeant in charge of this old fortress, to be shown through the casemates and dungeons, while the old "militaire" fills your ears with blood-curdling stories of Hispanic misrule.

The old "City Gates," at the head of St. George street, are about all that remains of the ancient defenses of the city itself. At the southeastern end of the "sea wall" we find St. Francis barracks, so named from the old Franciscan Convent, whose site they occupy. The convent, in its time, was headquarters for missionary work in Florida; now, St. Francis barracks are headquarters for the United States military in the State. Other times, other customs!



Several interesting museums are found in St. Augustine, notably Chapin's, near Fort Marion, and Hedder's, near the Plaza.

The many old and narrow streets flanked by coquina houses of ancient built, are real curiosities; St. George is the most prominent street in that district. Of modern thoroughfares, the Alameda (Spanish for public promenade) is the principal one. It is here that we find, occupying the four sides of a quadrangle, the incomparable Hotel Ponce de Leon, the princely Hotel Alcazar, the massive Hotel Cordova and the enchanting Villa Zorayda.

It takes but a short stretch of imagination to think one's self transported in Andalusia, the Tarshish of the Jew and Paradise of the Moor; the land of the bandit, the dancer, the bullfighter and the muleteer; the land of song and story about love and war.

On one side, you are forcibly reminded of Almeria and its luxuriant flower gardens; across the way it is Cadiz or the Alhambra, with a bewilderment of Moorish arabesques. Here it is an idea from an exteriorly cold palace in Cordova, the Athens of Moorish Spain, with its inner courts and veiled windows suggestive of harems; turn around and you are in Seville the beautiful, the Queen of Andalusia, with its balconies and high terraces, designed for lovers' whispers.

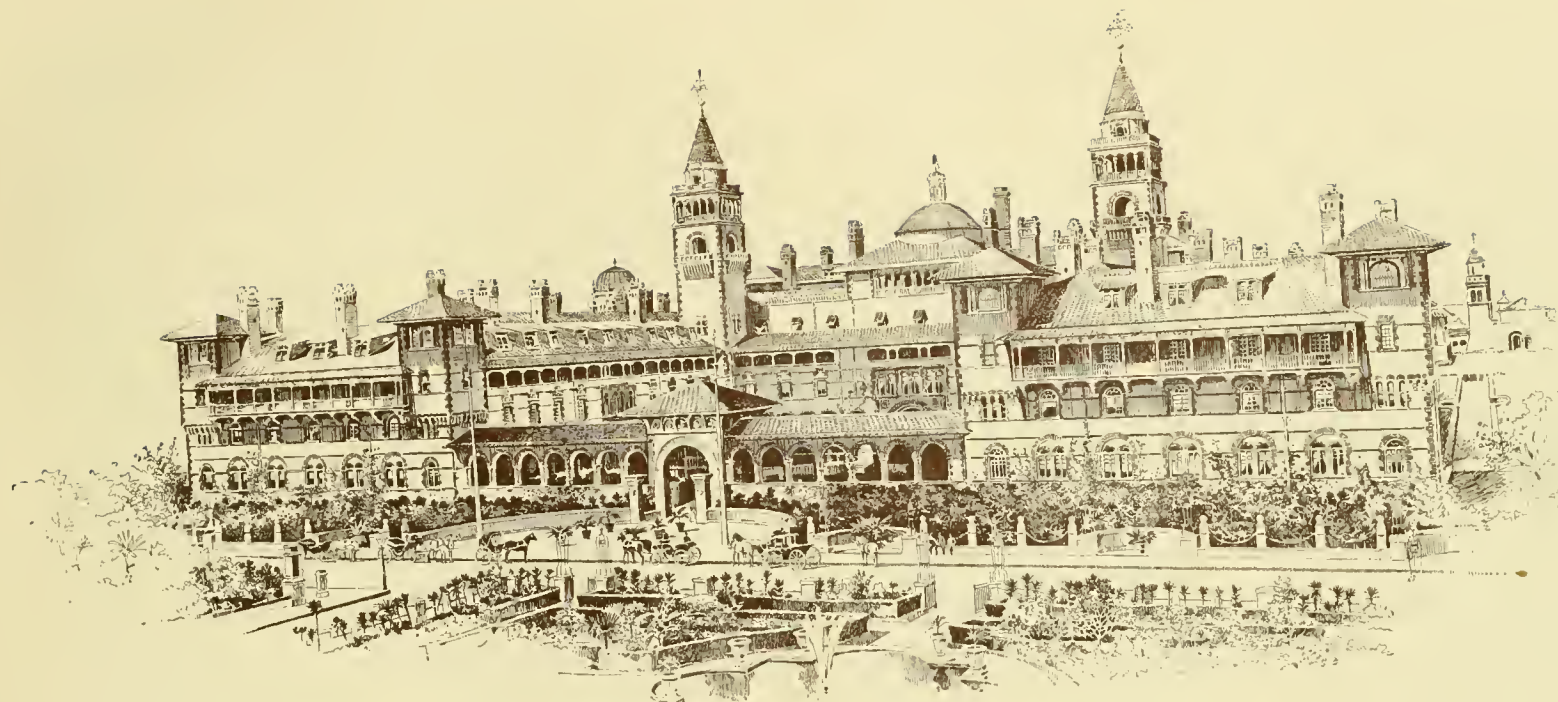
Byron said that Seville was famous for oranges and pretty women. In the winter season, St. Augustine is renowned for similar causes, but it would be impossible to disassociate its fair name from its hostelries and especially the unique "Ponce de Leon." As a palace erected for the accommodation of visitors, it stands almost without a peer in the whole world.

The builder of the ancient Alhambra was an illustrious Captain, a great Prince, a good King and his monument will remain for ages, the wonder of the masses, but a reminder to the philosopher that great things are often accomplished through selfish motives.

The builder of the "Ponce de Leon" (this modern Alhambra), devoid of all the pomp and travesty of chieftainship, guided in his work by a love of the beautiful and a desire to let others share its result, has erected a monument that all must admire and that posterity will find hard to emulate.

In close proximity to the "Ponce de Leon" is one of the prettiest churches in the country. Its architecture is in keeping with the palaces of the vicinity and its roof is enlivened by graceful campaniles. The interior arrangements, furniture and upholstery, are simple but magnificent. This place of worship was erected by Mr. Flagler, president of the Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Indian River Railway, as a memorial to a departed daughter. The founder's name will last as long as the walls of the edifice, ages after the railroad magnate's fame





The "Ponce De Leon," St. Augustine, Fla.

shall have fallen into oblivion. Works incited by pure and true sentiments touch the heart-string of humanity quicker than those prompted by utilitarian motives, be they even great lines of travel or magnificent hostelries.

St. Augustine's natural breakwater, Anastasia Island, is a strip of land nearly fourteen miles in length, covered with a dense semi-tropical growth, and is a pleasurable objective for small excursions by boat.

PALATKA.

PALATKA, on the St. John's river, is one of the oldest towns in Florida, having been settled in 1821. For several years a large military post was established here, providing quarters for several hundred men and about 400 horses. The records show that the late Gen. W. T. Sherman served here as a Lieutenant. However, nothing but memory remains of Palatka's martial glory, for the post was abandoned after the subjugation of the Indians. Where the God of War held sway for many years now stand nice villas and prolific orange groves. Prior to the completion of the railroad in 1886, Palatka was the most southerly point some of the roads are rather too sandy for driving. Ample accommodations can be had, the Putnam House



A Tropical Undergrowth.

of any importance on the river, but the new condition of affairs brought on by the steam horse has taken away much of its commercial value. It is, as it has been for a long time, a favorite resort for invalids who seek a warmer climate and wish to avoid the easterly winds of the coast. The city is fairly embosomed in orange trees, some of the oldest groves in the State being in its immediate neighborhood. The St. John's river presents here a splendid panorama and is spanned by a bridge nearly one mile in length. The country affords excellent diversion in fishing and hunting. The visitor will find very fair walks along the river bank, but being the leading hotel in town.



Shell Road, Ormond.

ORMOND.

THE HALIFAX RIVER.

THE Halifax river, one of the finest waterways in Florida, and perhaps in the United States, is properly a lagoon or tidal stream. Its width varies from 200 feet to three-quarters of a mile and it parallels the ocean for a stretch of about twenty-five miles, being separated from it by a narrow strip of land densely covered with arborescent vegetation. A fine bridge spans the river at Ormond, over which a tramway does regular service between the station, the "Ormond" and the "Coquina."

The "Ormond," a first-class hotel in all its details, is a substantial, well-built and graceful structure, nicely equipped, flanked by cozy verandas, and accommodating comfortably about 400 guests. It is surrounded by a beautiful park and commands an extended view of the romantic Halifax.

One mile eastward and on the beach is the hotel "Coquina," a charming resort open the whole year. Its contiguity to old Atlantic, its comfortable and home-like appointments and, above all, the urbanity and geniality of its hosts, make it one of the most popular rendez-vous in Florida.

From both the "Ormond" or the "Coquina" as headquarters, lovely excursions can be made, by boat or carriages.

Both sides of the Halifax river are bordered by "hammock." The "hammock," in Floridian parlance, is a forest of semi-tropical hardwoods with a thick underbrush of various shrubs.

On the east bank, the shell drives through the woods afford perspectives of rare magnificence; at every turn of the road, there are hints and flashes of beauties new and yet unseen.

There are some exceptionally fine orange groves in the vicinity of Ormond, principally on the west bank of the river. Taking the road to the south and driving through the luxuriant hammock, one arrives suddenly at the "Vining" homestead. If there is

any sight in the world which will cling to one, undimmed by later impressions, it is that which greets the eye on reaching this fairy-like estate. It seems like an enchanted land dropped from the pages of an Arabian tale. It invites but baffles description, for descriptions stand for nothing when one has realized their lack of power. Picturesque groups of tall palms and stately oaks, watching, nurse-like, over an extensive grove in full bearing; here a cluster of banana palms; there a bunch of mangoes; close by, rows of pine-apples; further on, some other tropical fruits; all through, parterres of variegated flowers; the whole, arranged gracefully and with a disregard of symmetry which adds to the general artistic effect; piercing through the aperture in the rich foliage, the vision of a house—unpretentious, cozy, modestly hidden—as if it was the habitation of an elf. Involuntarily, it brings to mind the romance of “Mignon,” incites a sigh and a wish “to live and die in some such spot.” South of the “Vining” estate are the ruins of the old Spanish and English settlements, over which the hammock has reasserted its rights. Ferns of many varieties are abundant all through it. Very enjoyable boat trips are



On the Beach at Ormond-by-the-Sea.

in the briny” even in the month of March. The beach is of pure white sand, smooth and hard as asphalt. It is, indeed, an unique experience to drive over it at low tide from the “Coquina” to Daytona, while the breakers literally wash the wheels of your conveyance. Daytona is situated five miles south of Ormond and stretches for two miles along the west bank of the Halifax. Its streets are pleasantly shaded with live oaks, palmettos and wild orange. Sheltered from the direct force of the ocean winds, its gardens and plantations are remarkably fertile.

made on the Halifax river and on one of its affluents, Tomoka river. The scenery along the latter stream is bewildering in its primeval beauty. Fishing and hunting afford, near Ormond, an unceasing sport to lovers of the gun and rod. The beach at Ormond extends for twenty-five miles and has a very wide surf for the whole distance, which, not being subject to undertow, is especially safe. Every facility for surf-bathing exists at the “Coquina” and the climate is such that many visitors take a “dip



Cocoanut Palm at Lake Worth.

A bridge crosses the river at Daytona, leading to "Silver Beach" on the ocean shore, where several nice cottages and private residences have been erected.

There are several good drives, but none to compare to the beach at low tide. Daytona's hotels are fair, the leading ones being the "Ocean House" and the "Palmetto." This town's social attractions are, perhaps, not such as are found at the Ormond "On-the-Halifax" or Ormond "By-the-Sea," but for lovers of the quiet and picturesque, Daytona will always find considerable attraction.

THE INDIAN RIVER.

TITUSVILLE, to the tourist, is an important point. At present it represents the southern terminus of the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railway, where connections are made with the Indian river steamboats.

The town is located on the west shore, and about twelve miles south of the head of Indian river. It is the principal trading point and the débouché for all the products of this section of Florida.

The Indian river, for diverse reasons, is the most remarkable water course in Florida. Although several inlets connect it directly with the Atlantic ocean, it retains, nevertheless, many of the characteristics of a fresh-water stream, owing to its numerous tributaries from the main land. It is about 150 miles in length and so straight that, looking north or south, water and sky seem to meet, as on the sea. Its width varies from 150 feet to three miles.

The boats of the Indian River Steamboat Company leave Titusville daily for Rockledge, Melbourne, Eden, Jupiter and intermediate points, connecting at the latter place with the "Jupiter & Lake Worth Railway" for Lake Worth.

Nothing can equal a trip on these steamers, for there is but one Indian river, and that is a world in itself.

The Indian river country is such a spendthrift of beauty that its peer can hardly be found in America. It is a Garden of Eden multiplied many times, enveloped in a combined atmosphere of romance, positivism and mystery. Palms—stately palms—plumed and beautiful to behold, greet the eye everywhere. But they are not here for beauty alone: they protect delicate groves from the easterly trade-winds.

For this is the home of the famous Indian river orange, the most luscious of all citrous fruit. 'T is the Indian river sun which gives them such incomparable saccharine flavor, the great Indian river sun—the cloak of the poor, the restorer of the sick, the good genius of the universe.

Under its influence nature becomes very prolific in its bounteous generosity: oranges, lemons, mangoes, grape-fruit, guavas, limes, bananas, persimmons, citrons, pine-apples, date-palms, etc., afford an endless variety to the eye and to the taste. Vegetation, unlike mankind, appears never to grow old; crop succeeds crop, harvest follows harvest, — — — nature is inexhaustible. As the boat proceeds on its south-bound course the scenes along the banks undergo radical changes. Here are Indianola and Merritt, on Merritt's Island, with comfortable quarters for northern visitors; then comes Cocoa, prettily perched on the west bank. Now, dainty cottages, festooned in flowers, and rich villas, surrounded by gardens glorified by sunbeams, are seen along the coast; and always, like sentries watching over this paradise, the tall and graceful palms. We are at Rockledge, the gem of the Indian river, the pearl of the hammock. As the steamer draws near the shore the appropriateness of the name becomes self-evident. For quite a distance along the waterside, an abrupt dyke of coralline rock rises to a height of from six to twelve feet. From its crest, rows of palms and live-oak shelter the settlement from the ocean's the grateful shade of live-oaks and palmettos, following the many curves of the river bank and extending the whole length of the settlement, is a charming walk, forming one of the most delightful promenades imaginable. A nicer spot to spend the winter cannot be found in the State; accommodations are plentiful, the drives are fair, small game is abundant and as for fishing, Lake Poinsett, only three miles distant, offers



Century Plant at Lake Worth.

winds. For Rockledge, strictly speaking, is not a town, but rather a settlement, extending about three miles, the whole length of the hammock, and with nearly every habitation facing on the river. Convenient piers project in the water from the villas' or hotels' front; sailing and steam yachts are anchored near shore. Broad avenues, fringed with moss-covered trees, lead from the bank to the groves. A large greensward slopes up gently toward the "Hotel Indian River," Rockledge's leading resort, enhancing the perspective of exotic plants and the vista of broad verandas or spacious piazzas embowered in every hue of green foliage. Beneath



Through the Hammock, Ormond-on-the-Halifax.

almost inexhaustible resources. About January, 1893, the Iron Horse will find its way into Rockledge. The Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Indian River Railway is extending its tracks from New Smyrna to Titusville and Rockledge, and will be ready for business into this section at the beginning of the year 1893.

From Rockledge south, the boat stops at numerous settlements and flourishing towns hyphenated by forests of pine and wide hammocks, until it reaches Melbourne, on the west shore, on a picturesque bluff commanding a beautiful view over a snug harbor formed by the confluence of Crane creek and Indian river.

Melbourne is the first point south of Titusville where the ocean can be comfortably reached. From East Melbourne a tramway leads to the beach, where surf bathing can be enjoyed nearly every day in the year. The shore is shallow, bathing is convenient; even in winter, the water's temperature rarely falls below 60°. For the sportsman, myriads of excellent fish and an abundance of game prove always very attractive.

The pine-apple industry has attained great proportions in this vicinity, there being now about 1,000,000 slips planted.

Leaving Melbourne, the settlements become less numerous, not that the country is less beautiful or less productive, but because it has not been developed yet. One of the most enjoyable features of the whole trip down the Indian river is the gradual change noted in the vegetation. A new surprise awaits the spectator at every turn of the boat. This is especially noticed as the St. Lucie river is approached. The high bluff rising from the water's edge is covered with beautiful woods, growing in wild and luxuriant confusion, so thickly, indeed, that it is impossible for the eye to penetrate the mass.

Between the woods, thriving settlements equipped with modern conveniences are perceived. It must be luxury to live in a country already gifted with that which art or wealth could never produce—a climate which carries on its breezes and in its sunshine that greatest of all blessings—health.

This is the heart of the pine-apple country; this curious plant is to be seen everywhere in large fields, intersected by orange or lemon groves.

Eden is the principal settlement in this region. Beautifully located on a high hammock bluff, it commands a fine view of St. Lucie Sound. The variety of its vegetation is almost endless, and to appreciate its beauties, one would have to come and see for himself.

A few miles from Eden, Jupiter Island is reached, at the southern extremity of which is Jupiter Inlet, which ends the long series of lagoons that skirt the eastern coast of Florida. There is no better fishing anywhere than is found at this inlet. Bluefish, bass, pompano, cavaille, runners, ladyfish, sheepshead and other varieties are easily taken with the rod; tarpon are found here and sharks abound; numerous flocks of ducks and geese cover the waters; deer and turkeys afford good sport to hunters not afraid of a little hard work; panthers, wild cats and bears prowl occasionally about the settlement at night; pelicans are plentiful and the almost extinct amphibian—the manatee or sea-cow—puts in an appearance once in a while. On either side of the inlet many strange forms of animal and vegetable life are to be found along the beach, swept up from the coral reefs by the Gulf Stream. Among the wild growths are found mangroves, aloes, gum alimbo, sea grapes and cocoa palms.

The trip from Jupiter to Lake Worth is accomplished in a short time via the Jupiter & Lake Worth Railway, whose trains stop at Venus, Mars and Juno. It is not well known whence this galaxy of mythological names was derived, but the weird subtropical beauties of the settlements they represent are such as to lend wings to one's fancy and incite a dream of having landed on another and distant planet.

And now we come to Lake Worth, the peerless, the hardest to reach, beyond which there is no regular line of travel. It is a narrow body of water, separated from the sea by a ridge of sand, savannah and hammock, tied to the ocean by a shallow inlet twenty-two miles long, about one mile wide, and from six to twelve feet deep.

At Juno, the terminus of the railroad, passengers board one of the steamers doing service on the lake. Pelican Island is passed on the right, then Oak Lawn, which has a nice hotel, and offers great sporting inducements. Two miles further the town of Lake Worth peeps at you from behind the trees. Comfortable habitations become more numerous; passable roads, winding gracefully along the east coast and through groves and gardens, spring into view; always, superb specimens of palms. Hedges of hibiscus—red, white and yellow—oleanders and poncianas growing twenty and thirty feet high, gigantic cacti standing like sentinels on the lawns, surround beautiful houses, tinted with yellow and azure, and all this mixed with cocoanut-palms, orange, pomegranates, etc., form a sight never to be forgotten—a “thing of beauty indeed, a joy forever.”

From nearly every house, a walk or trail leads to the ocean beach, where a magnificent surf comes rushing in warm from the Gulf Stream.

Date, banana and cocoa palms are abundant, also every other variety of tropical fruit. The productiveness of this region is a thing almost incredible and combined with its climate, its exceptional good hunting and fishing, its fine surf bathing and its many other attractions, makes it a favorite spot to thousands of northern people.

Numerous private residences have been erected by persons from the North. The principal hotels are the "Hotel Lake Worth" at Lake Worth; the "Cocoanut Grove House" at Palm Beach and the "Oaklawn House" at Oaklawn.

But it stands to reason that part of the trip down the Indian river, via the steamboat line, must be made at night, the shades of which rob the traveler from many beautiful and interesting sights. This, however, is not a serious objection, as the northbound trip is made in day time through the section traversed at night on the south going journey.

Besides, it is a very interesting experience to sail on the Indian river in the shadows of the setting sun. The phosphorescent waters present a novel attraction during the dark hours. The wake of the ship seems like a trail of glittering gems bordered by masses of deepest jet. The millions of fish, which cross the water in all kinds of fancy zigzags, leave a lightning-like streak behind them. The whole scene forms a most attractive submarine pyrotechnic display, a sight in the contemplation of which one never tires.

OCALA.

SILVER SPRING.

OCALA, a prosperous little city, is one of the principal distributing points in the rich region called "the orange belt." To the winter tourist, it offers a healthy climate, fair drives amid productive orange groves, good shooting and angling, and a first-class hotel, the "Ocala House."

"Silver Spring," well known to all who have ever heard of Florida, is reached from Ocala in a few minutes by the Silver Spring Railway. In the romantic environment of a wooded park, a vast circular basin having a diameter of about 600 feet and a depth of near sixty casts its silvery hues in reflection to the skies. It is the far-famed "Silver Spring." It gives birth to a small creek which empties nine miles below into the picturesque Ocklawaha river, the paradise of the fisherman and the delight of the hunter.

The Silver Springs Hotel is a first-class house with ample room for 150 guests.

SANFORD.

RISING on a gentle slope from the south shore level of Lake Monroe, the pretty town of Sanford occupies the site of an old Spanish grant. It is nicely built, and its general air of thriftiness and prosperity never fails to make a favorable impression on strangers. To the latter, Sanford is interesting on account of its pleasant situation on the lake, the many fine groves in its vicinity and fair opportunities for sport on land or water. Lake Monroe, nearly circular in shape, with a diameter ranging somewhat more than five miles, has its shores covered with thickets of saw-palmettos and other native trees.

The angler finds here good opportunities to exercise his skill with bass and other fresh water varieties of fish. Deer and turkey are often the trophies of a day's hunt within a few miles of town.

The "Sanford House" is the leading hotel of this locality and is opened to guests during the winter months; it is picturesquely built at the head of St. John's river, on Lake Monroe, and is a delightful headquarters for northern visitors.

WINTER PARK, ORLANDO.

TO an admirer of the beautiful in nature, a lover of good society and modern comforts and an adept of all kinds of outdoor sports, there is no more ideal spot in which to enjoy it all than in Winter Park.

Why this pretty place should have been named "Winter Park" is an unsolved mystery, for there is not such a season as "Winter" in Florida.

Alighting from the South Florida Railroad train, we find ourselves in a large and well wooded public park which occupies a central position in the settlement. The absolute neatness of all the streets and houses and the great diversity of picturesque cottages act as a spontaneous charm on the newly arrived traveler and by the time he reaches the "Seminole," he can't help being decidedly in love with the charming locality.

The "Seminole" is one of the leading hotels in Florida, accommodating four hundred guests, with all the comforts and conveniences of modern appointments. The hotel grounds are very tastefully laid out amidst woods and shrubbery, and are surrounded by several beautiful lakes. From the hotel's observatory, a magnificent perspective is obtained; fourteen lakes, framed by pine-laden hills and the deep green and gold of orange groves appear in sight. To the north is Lake Maitland, to the west glitters Lake Osceola, to the south the waters of Lake Virginia reflect the azure sky and to the east Lake Killarney reminds you of its romantic namesake in fair Erin.

Boating, of course, is excellent; there are several good drives, especially the road from Winter Park to Orlando, a distance of four miles. This carriage-way leads by the shores of several small sheets of water, reaching finally Lake Concord, which is within the city limits of Orlando, the county seat of Orange County.

While, commercially speaking, Orlando has more importance than its neighbor, Winter Park, in its manifold attractions it could be called the latter's twin sister. As a health resort, it possesses features which bring every year an increased patronage. The "San Juan" is its principal hotel, being conducted in modern style during the winter season. Several other hotels afford ample hospitality to visitors.

The country surrounding the town is one of the most productive in the State, and within a few miles good gunning and angling can be had.

THE ORANGE BELT RAILWAY,

a narrow-gauge road, running from Sanford to St. Petersburg, on Tampa Bay, passes through a picturesque section of country, in which are situated several favorably known winter resorts.

TARPON SPRINGS, charmingly skirted by the Anclote river, and only a few miles from the Gulf, is, as its name indicates, famous on account of the exceptional good quality of tarpon fishing in its vicinity. The Tarpon Springs Hotel accommodates about 150 guests.

SUTHERLAND, five miles from the springs, is a quiet resort nestled on the coast among balsamy pines. It boasts of two fairly good inns: the San Marino and Gulf View hotels.

DUNEDIN is gaining prominence as a winter resort. The Hotel Arcadia, overlooking the Gulf, caters all the year to the comfort of guests.

Eight miles from Sutherland, the pretty little town of CLEARWATER watches the harbor of the same name from the top of the high bluff on which it is built. Surrounded by orange groves and tropical verdure, it possesses many attractive features for the lovers of out-of-door sports. It has two small but cozy hotels, the "Sea View" and "Commercial."

ST. PETERSBURG, at the extreme point of the peninsula which forms Tampa Bay, and the southern terminus of the Orange Belt Railway, is a thriving little town which is fast gaining favor with the tourist. Surf bathing, fishing and hunting are good the whole year, and the Hotel Detroit affords pleasant and comfortable headquarters.

TAMPA AND PORT TAMPA.

TAMPA, situated at the head of the bay from which it derives its name, is the metropolis of the Floridian Gulf Coast. It is built on the flat lands bordering the Hillsborough river on its east bank and is surrounded by woods of cypress, live oak and saw-palmetto. The town is quite a commercial mart and can boast of several nice modern buildings and hotels. But that which has served to make it better known than aught else is the famous "Tampa Bay Hotel."

What the "Ponce de Leon" is to St. Augustine and the East Coast, the "Tampa Bay Hotel" proves to be for Tampa and the Gulf Coast.

As a structure of heroic proportions and intrinsic architectural beauties, it forms a class by itself; as a resort for the accommodation of guests, it is not outranked by any hotel in the world.

To imagine its dimensions, one must know that the original building is 1,200 feet long and 150 feet wide, four stories high and one mile around. Its capacity of 800 guests, though enormous, has heretofore proven inadequate to satisfy its patrons; for this reason an ell of one hundred rooms has been added and the employes and servants will be housed in a separate building for the season 1893.

No description could do justice to this monumental hostelry, with its thousand finestral ogives, its titanic columns, its lofty arches, its turreted minarets and campaniles. No assemblage of words could transcribe the beauties of the grounds on which it stands, with its vast greenswards divided by beds of rare and fragrant flowers, its gardens of tropical plants, shaded by palm, orange and magnolia trees, its broad walks and cool terraces, its dainty nooks and poetic arbors. But all this exterior beauty is almost forgotten as soon as one enters the grand rotunda; here, art, industry, taste and skill, backed by limitless capital, have reached the boundaries of the possible. The sight is * * there is no adjective for it. It is hard to believe one's self in the lobby of a hotel; it is more like the grand hall of the Palazzo Doria in Genoa or the Loggia of the Villa Borghese in Rome. As a matter of fact, it partakes of both and is superior to either one. The large corridors, extending the whole length of the edifice, are a feature in themselves; wide and spacious, they are luxuriously carpeted; on either side are artistic apartment on the first floor of the hotel, he has established his hibernal headquarters. And no lovelier spot could he have found on the whole green earth. From the windows opening on the miniature Neapolitan Chiaja formed by the hotel grounds, a splendid view of the



jardinieres containing many varieties of exotics; the walls are covered with rare etchings, delicate engravings, invaluable aquarelles. The bric-a-brac and statuary which profusely decorate the mantels are works of art, representing the best of their kind. As for the living apartments, it is enough to say that they are in keeping with the rest; the furniture is lavishly luxurious, the appointments could hardly be excelled. Although there are hundreds of suites, not two are upholstered or furnished alike. In this respect, the Tampa Bay Hotel has no equal. Its founder, Mr. H. B. Plant, president of the Plant system, shares the high opinion which the winter resort public entertains toward it, for here, in a magnifi-



Steamer "Olvette," of the Plant Steamship Line.

bay is had, reminiscent of Nice, Trieste and Venice, and the same cloudless sky, sea-balmy breeze and soft, mellow atmosphere that have made the reputation of the Riviera.

Mediaeval Italy used to say: "Veder Venezia, poi morir" (To see Venice and then to die); modern America's ambition is to see "Tampa Bay"——and——live there.

But this description would be incomplete without a reference to Port Tampa, the terminus of the South Florida Railroad, where connections are made with the Plant steamships for Key West and Havana and for Mobile and New Orleans. The piers from and to which these boats leave and arrive project in the bay for over a mile. The trains of the South Florida Railroad land or take passengers at the very side of the steamers.

About one mile from shore, close to the wharves and built on piling is "The Inn," an unique venture in the hotel line. It is surrounded on every side by water and benefits of the Gulf breezes, from whatever quarter they may blow. Its appointments are first-class; good bathing and fishing are to be had on the hotel's grounds, or rather in the hotel's waters. The rooms are large and open all on the bay. It is a pleasant diversion to spend a few days in this maritime resort.

PUNTA GORDA.

PUNTA GORDA, on Charlotte Harbor, at the mouth of Peace Creek, is the extreme southern railroad point on the Gulf Coast of Florida. It is reached by the Florida Southern Railway from Bartow, the line passing through an interesting country of pine, hammock and phosphate lands.

Besides its mild, salubrious climate, Punta Gorda offers exceptional attractions to the visitor in the shape of tarpon fishing. The "tarpon" or "silver king" (so called on account of the metallic gleam of its scales) often attains in size a length of over six feet, and being naturally a very gamy fish, affords the best kind of sport to the disciples of Nimrod.

The Hotel Punta Gorda is an elegantly furnished structure of 200 rooms, equipped with all the modern conveniences and facing beautiful Charlotte Bay.

The Morgan Line of steamers, running between New Orleans, Key West and Havana, touch weekly at Punta Gorda.

SAVANNAH, GA.

SAVANNAH, Georgia, is one of the oldest cities in the United States and abounds in historic interest since 1733, the year in which Oglethorpe began the settlement of the youngest of the thirteen colonies. However, it is not the past glories of the "Forest City of the South" that interest mostly the traveler; therefore, we shall only speak about the Savannah of to-day. Its site is on the Savannah river, at the head of ship navigation and eighteen miles from the ocean. The city has a venerable aspect, owing to its many buildings dating from antebellum and even colonial days. The general impression produced by these old structures, many of which are framed in ivy or other climbing vines, is one of absolute and sedate respectability; indeed, the self-consciousness of respectability seems to pervade the whole town—the inhabitants, the dwellings, even the streets. The public thoroughfares are well and cleanly kept, many streets being broad, laid with asphalt by sphinxes. In the middle of the parade grounds, which are part of Forsyth park, stands the confederate monument, of modern sculptural Italian style, rising about fifty feet above its base. Savannah is rich in public edifices, monuments, institutions of learning, historical

and bordered with trees that have cast their shade on three generations of Savannahians. The cold touch of modern improvements has not yet, in Savannah, destroyed the picturesqueness of olden time individual fancy. Bull street is Savannah's avenue par excellence, traversing five public squares, in which are found respectively, the Green, Gordon, Jasper and Pulaski monuments. Forsyth park opens also on this street and comprises about thirty acres of nicely improved grounds, shaded by centenarian oaks. In the center of this park is a splendid fountain, designed after the famous one in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, France. The main entrance from Bull street opens on a broad avenue guarded



Fountain in Forsyth Park, Savannah, Ga.



The Jasper Monument, Savannah Ga.

relics, etc., but to describe its wealth of attractions would require the space of an encyclopedia. The renowned Bonaventure cemetery, replete with historic associations and poetically charming in its natural beauty, is situated about four miles from the city. Its grand avenues lined with live oaks older than the century, from which filigreed draperies of gray moss hang in fantastic folds; its gloriously wild shrubberies surrounding granite or marble monuments, erected as mementos to Savannah's greatest departed citizens, fill the visitor's soul with the full force of their majestic splendor.

At a short distance from Bonaventure and six miles from the city is Thunderbolt, on the river of the same name, a popular resort reached by splendid driveways, electric and steam cars.

Tybee Island, on the seaside, at the mouth of the Savannah river, affords a

very enjoyable trip. Tybee Beach, extending for a distance of five miles, has often been compared to Cape May.

While everything in and about Savannah seems especially designed, either by nature or by man, to please, charm and interest the visitor or tourist, one of the city's chief attractions is its incomparable hotel, the "De Soto," which occupies in Savannah the position of the "Tampa Bay" in Tampa or of the "Ponce de Leon" in St. Augustine. This great caravansary fills a whole square, fronting on four streets; its style of architecture is of a composite nature, and withal, very picturesque. The building is surrounded by spacious verandas or piazzas and faces on three sides of a wide open court covered with velvety greenswards.

Roomy corridors, cozy parlors, elegantly furnished suites or single rooms, an excellent cuisine, first-class appointments in every respect, the geniality of the hosts and the perfect urbanity with which guests are treated, have made the De Soto a favorite rendezvous for people who know a good thing when they see it. The hotel is open the whole year around, and provides every modern comfort for 600 people.

To sum up this rapid sketch of Savannah, it is only necessary to add that the climate, during the winter, is all that can be desired by persons wishing to avoid the low temperature of northern states or the milder atmosphere of southern Florida. With the thermometer at 40° in the morning and rising to between 60° and 70° during the day, a healthier station could not be found for the winter.



The Hotel De Soto, Savannah, Ga.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,

Has long been a familiar name to every man, woman and child in the United States. The city is very interesting, and has of late years taken great strides toward modern development. Its central geographical position, in an area fecund with war reminiscences, lend it additional zest for the visitor. Within a few miles of town the famous battles of Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Among the Clouds, Lookout Mountain and several others were fought in 1863-1864. These battle fields are still an object of curiosity, and are constantly visited by great numbers of travelers.

The finest point of interest about Chattanooga is "Lookout Mountain," on the summit of which an excellent hotel, "The Lookout Inn," accommodates several hundred guests.

Chattanooga is the junction point of the "Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway" with the "Western & Atlantic Railroad." The lines of both these roads pass through one of the finest sections of country in the South, which for picturesqueness is not exceeded anywhere in America. It has been so often described that it would be useless to repeat here all the praises which have been lavished upon it by others.

There are many flourishing towns between Nashville and Chattanooga, among which Murfreesboro, Tennessee, Wartrace, Tennessee, Tullahoma, Tennessee, and Huntsville, Alabama, occupy a front rank. From Chattanooga to Atlanta, Dalton, Georgia, Kingston, Georgia, and Marietta, Georgia, are passed, all located in a very rich and productive district.

ATLANTA,

The prosperous capital of the rich State of Georgia, has none of the characteristics of Southern cities. Its existence dates back little more than two generations, and its growth was stunted by the war; but since the eventful days of '64 it has developed to such an extent that it now occupies the front rank of all cities in the South, excepting New Orleans.

It is very prettily situated in the heart of a wealthy agricultural country; its buildings, edifices, streets and public parks are modern in every respect. It is prominent, either as a commercial and industrial mart, or as an objective point to the tourist. It has excellent accommodations, the Kimball House being one of the best hotels in the land of Dixie, and providing for over 300 guests.

BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA.

THE CUMBERLAND ROUTE.

ABOUT half way between Jacksonville and Savannah, in a snug and deep harbor well protected from the ocean's storms and gales, lies Brunswick-by-the-Sea, one of the oldest towns in America, having been founded by the English Colonists who accompanied General Oglethorpe in 1735. The city is handsomely laid out, its climate is healthy and invigorating, its temperature mild and even, its attractions to strangers varied and numerous. Located on the highest point of the city and shaded by tropical trees, is the "Oglethorpe," one of the leading hotels in the country. The building has very graceful outlines, is fire-proof, constructed of bricks, capped by pretty towers at the corners, and presents generally a very picturesque appearance. The interior arrangements, decorations, furniture, etc., are artistically executed; the cuisine is such as to satisfy the most fastidious. Brunswick is the headquarters of the Cumberland Route Steamers, plying between this city and Fernandina, Fla. To travelers desiring a change in a long journey by rail, this line offers a pleasant diversion. The scenery along the Cumberland Sound is one of entrancing beauty, and, viewed from the decks of the steamers, affords a not-to-be-forgotten experience. The boats, after leaving Brunswick, pass in sight of St. Simon's Island, replete with



Jekyll Island Club House.



The "Oglethorpe." Brunswick, Ga

historic interest. A few miles further, Jekyl Island is approached, displaying its magnificent club house, sumptuous lodges and cottages, girded by sylvan perspectives of rare beauty. Leaving the shores of Jekyl, the steamer passes St. Andrew's Sound and stops a short while at High Point, Cumberland Island, from which landing a street car line leads to the Hotel, two miles distant and on the ocean beach.

Cumberland Island is twenty-five miles long; at its southern extremity, almost drowned in a sea of verdure and moss-draped oaks, is the historic estate of Dungeness. Opposite Cumberland are many charming and poetic isles, forming an archipelago vividly attractive to the eye. Not far from Dungeness, the steamer clears the southern point of the island, crosses Cumberland Sound and arrives after a short run at Fernandina, the extreme northern city of Florida. Perched on the west side of Amelia Island, and picturesquely scattered along the shore, this town has achieved quite a reputation as a winter resort. It has a good hotel, the "Egmont," which offers every inducement looked for by the tourist.

At Fernandina, connections are made with the Florida Central & Peninsular Railroad for Jacksonville and Tampa.

KEY WEST,

The principal one of the many islands which form a girdle around the meridional extremity of the Floridian peninsula, offers many seductive attractions to winter tourists. Its mild climate is tempered by the bracing ocean winds, its vegetation partakes of all the vigor and variety attained in tropical countries, its sporting inducements are of an exceptional nature, and its hotel accommodations are first-class. The Plant Steamship Line makes direct connections at Port Tampa for Key West.

HAVANA,

The capital of Cuba, justly called the "Gem of the Antilles," is situated on the north side of the island, directly south of Florida. The scenes, customs and habits which one finds in Cuba form a striking contrast with those which an American is used to. Its tropical climate

is very grateful during the winter. Havana was built by the Spaniards, in whose hands it remains to this day, and the semi-Moorish character of its streets and buildings never fail to interest the tourist.

The Plant Steamship Line has a bi-weekly service between Port Tampa and Havana, its palatial steamer "Olivette" affording to travelers every comfort desirable.

Several pleasant winter resorts are located along the lines of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and are gaining every year in popularity and patronage with northern tourists. Among the principal ones, is

PASS CHRISTIAN,

On the Mississippi sound and fifty-eight miles from New Orleans. It is one of the leading Gulf coast resorts.

In climate, scenery, opportunities for out-of-door sports and general attractiveness, it leaves nothing to be desired. If you meet a bit of commonplace in the streets of "The Pass" (as our southern cousins call it), the next moment you encounter the unexpected, which, in this case, takes the shape of a beautiful avenue of stately live oaks and lofty, fragrant magnolias.

Surrounded by a number of tasteful cottages, stands the "Mexican Gulf Hotel." This is a handsome, extensive structure, situated near the beach and in a fine oak-shaded park. Its appointments are of the best order and give ample accommodations to 350 guests.

The "Mexican Gulf Hotel" has changed management since last season and is now operated by a syndicate of northern gentlemen, who spare no effort to make their property the peer of any southern resort. The cuisine is an especial attractive feature of this hotel.

BAY ST. LOUIS, PENSACOLA, DE FUNIAK SPRINGS AND OCEAN SPRINGS

Contribute each their share of attractiveness to this charming region known as the Gulf coast.

While deserving a better mention than is here given, our limits would not permit to dwell on a lengthy description.



IN THE FOREGOING PAGES

We have only mentioned the most prominent among the many winter resorts of the South and have limited our descriptions of travel to the lines of the beautiful "Evansville Route." The southern country abounds in winter resorts, which, owing to our exiguous space, have not been spoken of, but which are nevertheless charming havens to spend the cold season in. Information concerning them will be cheerfully furnished by any representative of the company or allied lines.

As for the several routes to Florida in connection with the "limited trains" of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad, one of them leaves Nashville via the Louisville & Nashville Railroad to Montgomery, thence to Waycross via the Central Railroad of Georgia, and from this last point to Jacksonville over the Savannah, Florida & Western Railroad.

Another route from Nashville runs over the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad to Chattanooga, then to Atlanta via the Western & Atlantic Railway; from there via the Central of Georgia to Macon; from Macon to Lake City, Florida, via the Georgia Southern & Florida Railroad, and to Jacksonville via the Florida Central & Peninsular Railroad.

These two routes are through car lines from Chicago, necessitating but one change of car, in Nashville.

Another route leaves Nashville via the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and connects for Jacksonville with the Florida Central & Peninsular Railroad at River Junction.

Another route still, connecting in Nashville with the Evansville Route night train from Chicago, runs via the Louisville & Nashville Railroad to Montgomery, to Bainbridge via the Alabama Midland, to Monticello via the Savannah, Florida & Western Railroad, and to Jacksonville via the Florida Central & Peninsular Railroad.

The through route to Savannah, Georgia, is via Chattanooga and the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, Atlanta and the Western & Atlantic Railroad, Macon and the Central of Georgia Railroad.

Pass Christian, Pensacola and De Funiak Springs are reached directly by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

The several lines centering in Jacksonville and by which all points in the interior of Florida can be reached are:

The Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Indian River Railway.

The Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West System.

The Florida Central & Peninsular Railroad.

The Plant System.

The St. John's River Steamers.

At Port Tampa connections are made for Key West and Havana, with the Plant Steamship Line.

The Morgan Line of Steamers connects at Punta Gorda for Key West and Havana.

Lake Worth and the Indian River country are reached by the Indian River Steamboats, from Titusville or Rockledge.

. . . ROUTE . . .
OF THE
"Chicago and Nashville Limited"
AND OF THE
CHICAGO AND FLORIDA LIMITED TRAINS.

Via Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad.

Lv. Chicago	C. & E. I.	4.00 PM	10.20 PM
Lv. Danville	"	8.10 PM	3.50 AM
Lv. Terre Haute	E. & T. H.	10.00 PM	6.00 AM
Lv. Evansville	L. & N.	1.30 AM	1.52 PM
Ar. Nashville	"	7.10 AM	8.25 PM

To JACKSONVILLE, via Montgomery.

Lv. Nashville	L. & N.	7.25 AM	
Ar. Montgomery	"	7.10 PM	
Lv. Montgomery	C. R. R. of Ga.	7.30 PM	
Ar. Waycross	B. & W.	5.20 AM	
Ar. Jacksonville	S. F. & W.	7.30 AM	

To JACKSONVILLE, via Pensacola.

Lv. Nashville	L. & N.	7.25 AM	9.10 PM
Lv. Montgomery	"	9.40 PM	7.05 AM
Ar. Pensacola	"	4.45 AM	5.00 PM
Ar. DeFuniak Springs	"	9.20 AM	
Lv. River Junc	F. C. & P.	12.05 PM	
Ar. Tallahassee	"	1.40 PM	
Ar. Jacksonville	"	8.30 PM	

To JACKSONVILLE, via Chattanooga.

Lv. Nashville	N. C. & St. L.	7.40 AM	9.05 PM
Ar. Chattanooga	"	1.00 PM	2.04 AM
Ar. Atlanta	W. & A.	6.25 PM	6.50 AM
Ar. Macon	C. R. R. of Ga.	10.15 PM	10.30 AM
Ar. Lake City	G. S. & F.	5.35 AM	6.25 PM
Ar. Jacksonville	F. C. & P.	7.40 AM	8.30 PM

To JACKSONVILLE, via Alabama Midland.

Lv. Nashville	L. & N.	9.10 PM	
Lv. Montgomery	Ala. Midland	6.45 AM	
Ar. Bainbridge	"	12.30 PM	
Ar. Thomasville	S. F. & W.	1.37 PM	
Ar. Jacksonville	F. C. & P.	8.30 PM	

To JACKSONVILLE, via Cumberland Route.

Lv. Nashville	N. C. & St. L.	7.40 AM	
Ar. Chattanooga	"	1.00 PM	
Ar. Atlanta	W. & A.	6.25 PM	
Ar. Brunswick	E. T. V. & G.	6.00 AM	
Ar. Fernandina	Cumb. Route	12.15 PM	
Ar. Jacksonville	F. C. & P.	3.10 PM	

. . . ROUTE . . .
OF THE
"Chicago and Nashville Limited"
AND OF THE
New Orleans and Savannah Limited Trains.

Via Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad.

Lv. Chicago	C. & E. I.	4.00 PM	10.20 PM
Lv. Danville	"	8.10 PM	3.50 AM
Lv. Terre Haute	E. & T. H.	10.00 PM	6.00 AM
Lv. Evansville	L. & N.	1.30 AM	1.52 PM
Ar. Nashville	"	7.10 AM	8.25 PM

To NEW ORLEANS, via L. & N. R. R.

Lv. Nashville	L. & N.	7.25 AM	9.10 PM
Ar. Birmingham	"	3.12 PM	3.42 AM
Ar. Montgomery	"	7.10 PM	6.45 AM
Ar. Mobile	"	3.05 AM	12.10 PM
Ar. Ocean Springs	"	4.50 AM	2.09 PM
Ar. Pass Christian	"	5.37 AM	2.52 PM
Ar. New Orleans	"	7.25 AM	4.35 PM

To SAVANNAH, via Chattanooga and Macon.

Lv. Nashville	N. C. & St. L.	7.40 AM	9.05 PM
Ar. Chattanooga	"	1.00 PM	2.04 AM
Ar. Atlanta	W. & A.	6.25 PM	6.50 AM
Ar. Macon	C. R. R. of Ga.	10.30 PM	11.32 AM
Ar. Savannah	"	6.00 AM	7.20 PM

TRAVELERS . . .



Will, upon application to any one of the following officials, receive promptly any information concerning schedules, routes or rates, also time tables, maps, illustrated guide books and descriptive matter relating to the many winter resorts. Reservation of sleeping-car berths should be made at Chicago City Ticket Office, 204 Clark Street.



R. BOOKWALTER,

Traveling Passenger Agent, Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad,
204 Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

C. C. HILL,

City Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad,
204 Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

CHARLES W. HUMPHREY,

Northern Passenger Agent, Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad,
170 East Third Street, ST. PAUL, MINN.

F. E. SCOTT,

Ticket Agent,
Auditorium Hotel, CHICAGO, ILL.

GEORGE L. CROSS,

Northwestern Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville Railroad,
Room 6, Rookery Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

M. J. CARPENTER,

President, Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad,
Room 505, First National Bank Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

B. F. NEVILLE,

Northwestern Passenger Agent, Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway,
194 South Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

S. L. ROGERS,

Southern Passenger Agent, Evansville Route,
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

J. M. CUTLER,

General Southern Agent, Evansville Route,
ATLANTA, GA.

R. A. CAMPBELL,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad,
EVANSVILLE, IND.

G. J. GRAMMER,

Traffic Manager, Chicago & Eastern Illinois and Evansville & Terre Haute Railroads,
CHICAGO, ILL.

CHARLES L. STONE,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad,
Room 415, First National Bank Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

TO RECAPITULATE

We have tried, in these pages, to give the reader a succinct idea of the resources and inducements which the Southern country had to offer to the tourist, the health-seeker, the sportsman, to the traveler in general, whether on business or on pleasure bent. The tale could be magnified ad infinitum, but our aim was not to write volumes.

We must also add that among all lines of travel the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad has attained a very enviable reputation as a South-bound, Florida-bound route.

Its superiority in this respect consists in that it has the shortest line and the only double-track road-bed from Chicago to the South.

Its equipment and train service are the best known up to the present day.

Its through trains are vestibuled, heated by steam, lighted by gas and comprise palatial sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

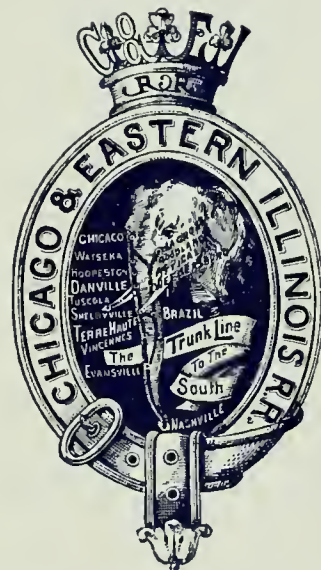
The cuisine, on its diners, is as good as the best of famed restaurants.

The attendance aboard the trains leaves nothing to be desired; indeed, all employes of the company will, at any time, cheerfully comply with all reasonable wishes of passengers.

The relations of this company with the traveling public have always been of a pleasant nature, and it is our desire to continue for all times this era of good feeling and mutual courtesy.













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